

THE ARGUS.

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Thursday, February 28, 1918.

Smokes Reach Soldiers.

The Argus has received acknowledgment of receipt of the cigars, cigarettes and tobacco that were sent as a Christmas remembrance. The letter was written by the adjutant general of the expeditionary force in France, at the order of General Pershing. The consignment was presented to Company M, One Hundred Sixty-eighth Infantry, the officers in command using their own judgment in the distribution of the smokes that were received from the states. The shipment bought with the Argus fund was merely forwarded to the American soldiers in France, no one regiment or company having been designated. All the donors cared was that they helped furnish smokes for some of the American boys. Just when the shipment reached the ones to whom it was presented is not indicated in the letter of acknowledgment, but it is not likely that it was delivered until after Christmas. While it was hoped to get the smokes into the possession of the boys at Christmas, still if they were a little late the soldiers will just as much appreciate the spirit prompting the gift.

Now that it has been shown that one of the packing companies had an expert on the federal food administration board for the purpose of protecting its interests, the government might investigate other branches of the civilian service where there are patriotic giving their time for \$1 per year. It may be revealed that a few of them are receiving better returns than surface conditions show.

The citizen who had it figured that he had enough coal in his bin to last until the warm weather arrived had a nervous chill when he looked out and saw the snow upon arising this morning.

Must Be Military Victory.

While German statesmen and President Wilson are continuing their discussion on the principles of peace, successive events are convincing officials of both the legislative and the administrative branches of the government that only a military victory over Germany can unhorse the Prussian autocracy and assure the future peace and safety of the United States.

This view is destined to be brought home to the American people in an uncertain manner, is the opinion of a Washington authority.

The public will be prepared for a subtle German peace movement of the first magnitude and the American people will find it necessary to decide whether it shall fight to achieve the objects so clearly enunciated by President Wilson or compromise on half-measures, sparing the present but menacing future generations. Germany is now conceding to be closer to victory over her adversaries than ever before. The moment is a crucial one for the allies. Any sign of weakening will strengthen Germany tremendously. On the other hand, the allies have it in their power to make the moment a turning point in the fortunes of war. That Germany can be defeated is the unanimous opinion of the men in the American and allied governments who are directing the war, but they admit that it may take two or three years to accomplish the victory.

Only a popular upheaval against the war in Germany could hasten a conclusion favorable to the allies and such a revolt has been made more remote by the signal successes of German arms in eastern Europe.

President Wilson has granted a respite to the Negroes sentenced to be hanged for participation in the Houston riots. The president doesn't propose to permit southern prejudice to rush the convicted men to the gallows before they are afforded every opportunity to help their own cause.

The Kaiser, who had been ill, is said to have displayed symptoms of an immediate change for the better when he received a report that one of his submarines had sunk a British hospital ship, with 164 missing.

New Red Cross Function.

One of the newest functions of the American Red Cross is to give to relatives and friends of American soldiers details of casualties at the front.

The anxiety which naturally follows every battle when official reports simply state that such and such soldiers were wounded or "missing" will be relieved in a large measure by this service. The bureau established in Paris by the Red Cross will supplement government information with fuller details such as relatives crave.

Investigators from the Paris office will be stationed at base hospitals in France. When a soldier is killed, wounded or missing these investigators will send full particulars promptly to headquarters and from there it will be sent to America. Comrades of the men who fall in battle will be questioned for last details about their fate.

Any information of interest or consolation to relatives thus obtained will be transmitted to them through personal letters, while messages from the

wounded will be conveyed through the same agency.

As the American forces abroad increase to large proportions it is probable that information will be supplied only to those relatives who write to national headquarters at Washington. Red Cross bureau of communication, and request it.

Along with this service American Red Cross has perfected plans for sending food to American soldiers in German prison camps. Every week three 10-pound packages of food will be sent from Switzerland to each American soldier in Germany.

Six thousand citizens have been vaccinated at Harrisburg, Ill., to head off a smallpox epidemic. One hundred persons were found to have contracted the disease.

Evidently the modern British trumpet works as well before the walls of Jericho as the old ram's horn did.

Airplane as Mail Carrier.

Airplane service between New York and Washington will be in daily operation April 13. Routes crossing the continent soon will be established. The airplane has passed the experimental stage. It's no longer a plaything or a hobby. It's practicable in various ways. You will recall that we also regarded the automobile as the hobby of the fellow with a looseness in his head when it made its initial appearance. Likewise we looked upon the airplane. Now the auto is a commercial and war necessity. The airplane is one of the main essentials of modern fighting and shortly will become as valuable in commercial serviceability.

A Christian Scientist, the first in the service, has been named a chaplain in the United States navy. It takes only a little time to broaden the views of the public. To have suggested such an appointment during the Spanish-American war probably would have started serious trouble.

One of the ways to win the war is to turn loose the dollar-a-year enemies at home.

For Saving the Babies.

Just now when life is being taken prodigally a movement for the conservation of life appears an anachronism. Yet this is the work that the children's bureau of the department of labor is going to continue, not undertake, this year.

The movement to prevent unnecessary deaths among children has been on for a decade. It has saved many lives. Local organizations supported by contributions have done good work, but there is danger that with energies diverted elsewhere this year this movement may be overlooked.

It is estimated that there is an annual loss of 300,000 children under five years of age through preventable deaths. It is not the hope that this destruction can be wiped out all at once, desirable as that would be. In 1918, however, it is the hope that 100,000, one-third of the number, can be saved. Illinois is asked to rescue 4,510 babies of the 15,000 that are destined to die this year unless they are given some assistance other than the insufficient care in their own homes.

Saving babies is a community work. While the national organization for this work exists local needs are best known to local persons. They vary from one area to another especially great in industrial cities.

The Red Cross has no use for old stamps. The person or persons who started the absurd appeal for them is probably a close relative of the inventor of "chain letters" that were such a nuisance a few years ago.

This reported plan for a laundry strike looks like dirty business.—New York Sun.

The Paper Today.

Because newspaper sales have been increased by the war the non-news paperman sometimes believes that the business is correspondingly profitable. As a matter of fact, war merely has made hard sledding for the disseminators of news.

Although almost every other industry has shown an increase during the war, the newspaper business has been on a decline, insofar as the number of publications is concerned. At the beginning of 1917 there were 24,868 publications in the United States and Canada. At the close of the year there were 24,252, a falling off of 616. The actual number of publications that quit business during the year probably was 1,200 or fully five per cent of the total. Only the launching of another 600 ambitious new journals—many of which will not survive 1918—cut down the total loss.

The movement for consolidation of newspapers and building up of better newspapers instead of having a great many inferior ones has been on for a decade or more. It has been hastened by the war which has increased newspaper production costs, while at the same time readers are demanding better paper, more costly papers and more frequent editions.

The era when new papers started up over night is past. It takes more than enthusiasm, a hand press and a roll of paper to launch a daily or even a weekly journal now.

Chicago mothers are asking the railroads to allow a cent-a-mile fare to their boys in the training camps when they come home on furlough.

Most of the boys in the camps must make a dollar go a long way, and as they wish to see their home folks as often as possible before they are sent across the roads—now it is up to the government—ought to see their way to make the slight concession that is asked.

LABOR PICKS WALSH AS REPRESENTATIVE

Washington, Feb. 28.—Frank P. Walsh of Kansas City, Mo., formerly chairman of the federal industrial relations commission, was yesterday selected by labor as its representative in public interest on the board framing a national labor policy for the government. Employers already have selected former President Taft to represent the public interest for them.

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

THE NEWS CHASER.

Chasing the elusive obit.
Running after the gang
That gathers at the corner
When sounds the fire-bell clang.

Hurrying to the station
To see who's had a bun,
Sneaking into a grocery
To hoist a little one.

Panting into the court house
To pipe who has been hitched,
Dodging the main gazaboo
When you're sure you have been ditched.

Lying about the dead ones.
Praising the ugly bride,
Trying to miss the collector,
Say, ain't it a—ell of a stride?
—E. C. X.

NOW it has been discovered that the big meat packers also control the supply of cheese. Things went well until they began cornering the Limburger variety. That, it appears, was too strong.

SOME of the foreign correspondents have been referring to the Irish republic. It strikes those who are at all familiar with the actual conditions in the little isle that the writers are getting a trifle ahead of their story.

"WELL, I think I would feel sorry for the Kaiser if I would meet him out alone somewhere," writes a Rock Island boy from one of the army training camps. "I surely would give him a piece of my mind, and I can sure hit the bull's-eye." One admires the ambition of the young man, but if he did happen to come across the king of the Huns and he got a chance to take a crack at him he would get the substitute that sits in the front seat of the Kaiser's automobile. You know the king has a fellow who rides up in the front of the car that resembles him very closely and he is the one who must fall if there is to be any firing from the sidelines. Wilhelm rests in a soft seat far enough in the rear to be safe.

THOMAS Harrison, aged 91, of Washington, is to have a vacation, his first in 41 years, having been employed continuously the latter period in the naval observatory. He would still be on the job, probably, hadn't Senator Jones induced congress to retire him on a pension of \$100 per month. The old man insisted that amount was more than he was entitled to, and compromised on \$50. How many such men do you imagine there are in these United States?

WHADDIE DO AFTER YOU GET 'EM

Illinois has been called upon by the United States bureau of fisheries to send experienced fishermen to Columbia, S. C., to teach the fishermen of that city how to capture carp.—Washington Corr., Chicago Tribune.

"HERTLING'S Talk Fails to Set Congress Afire."—Headline. It didn't even warm up any of the members.

THE manager of the soap department of a Chicago concern is said to draw \$20,000 year. "That's cleaning up pretty well, I'll say," observes Ignatz.

"I NOTICE that Peter Lamp, a wealthy citizen of Burlington, Iowa, has been fined \$100 for selling wheat flour without substitutes," reports Pansy. "Somebody must have turned the light on Peter."

ONE of the St. Louis employers refers to a department strike there as a cash geyser. It might be thus characterized if they win. But if they don't, we fall to see the joke.

JOHN D. Rockefeller, Jr., is getting down among the commoners. Now he has the plebeian mumps.

"THE Naughty Wife" is a new Chicago theatrical attraction. Yes, it is a success. All a producer has to do when making a presentation in Chicago is to employ the word naughty in the title. Then if there is enough of the indiscreet to sustain the name it will go like a house afire.

IT may interest you to know that James Black is one of those on trial at Indianapolis accused of election frauds.

BEN TART'S IDEE.

Goldenrod is just a weed—
An' daisies ain't no earthly good—
Buttercups an' "David's seed"
Are worthless in a neighborhood.

Yit, if any bud or blow
Was missin' from the door t' day,
Seems as if I'd miss it so—
As if a naybor'd gone away!

Withoutless as them flowers is,
Y'll see, if you'll just look about,
In all this perfect scheme o' His,
There's nuthin' we could do without!

—John D. Wells in Buffalo News.

A KENTUCKIAN has made the belated revelation that the first flag was not made by Betsy Ross, after all. He claims that Betsy was an upholsterer and not a flag maker. It would seem that it's a pretty late day to be unearthing such an historical error, if it is in fact one.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned friend who was always insisting on you lunching with him? In all this perfect scheme o' His, there's nuthin' we could do without!

A PENNSYLVANIAN having but one leg is trying to get into the war, despite that the exemption board has rejected him. He ought to make some of the two-legged slackers blush.

TO those who may be of the impression that the stories of huge profits in the moving picture industry are all hokum it may prove enlightening to mention that "The Fatal Ring" yielded profits of \$112,119 in three months.

J. M. C.

"THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME"



The Day in Davenport

Catch Runaway Boys—Their faces and hands black with dirt of box cars, and their clothes bearing mute witness that their only night away from home was spent in someone's hayloft, three youthful runaways, Raymond Mausser, Robert Spies and Earl Halberg, were arrested in Davenport yesterday morning. They spent the afternoon in the juvenile home, where they were given a bath and some clean clothes. "This is more like it," they exclaimed with one voice. The trio started west on a freight from Englewood, Ill., Tuesday night. They had no definite objective, but intended to come west and be bandits, or train robbers or something.

Bringing Insane—Mason Brunsing, accused of larceny of automobile tires, was adjudged mentally deficient by the commission on insanity late Tuesday and ordered committed to the state hospital at Mt. Pleasant.

Rabbi in War Work—Rabbi A. Holtzberg of Temple Emanuel, Davenport, has been selected as a field director for the National Jewish Welfare Relief board of soldiers and sailors, with headquarters in New York.

Berwald Wants Names—Mayor John Berwald has been troubled lately with a flood of complaints from chronic kickers who sign themselves "A Citizen" or "A Taxpayer." Many of these complaints can be investigated. Others, the mayor points out, cannot be investigated thoroughly because their

origin is not known. If kickers sign their names to complaints, he says, the names will be kept strictly confidential and it will aid him in tracing down the cause of the complaints.

Negro Admits Theft—"I was hungry and broke. That's a bad combination. So I broke into a couple of grocery stores and stole everything I could carry," was the simple statement of William Taylor, colored, 546 East Eleventh street, after his arrest Tuesday night by Detectives Kinney and Bishop. He is being held in the county jail pending trial. Taylor has confessed to robbing the Ryan grocery and the Mt. Ida grocery within the past week. He took nothing but foodstuffs from each place, he said.

To Sell Monument—At the meeting of officers of the Deutscher Kampfgemeinschaft held last evening it was decided to call for bids on the monument which stands in Washington square commemorating the Prussian victories of 1870-71. The monument will be taken down sometime this week, if possible. This action will be taken as the result of numerous evidences of ill-feeling on the part of residents of Davenport.

Elks' Ladies in Red Cross Work—Ladies of the Elks have opened up a Red Cross work room at the Elks club and are making garments and bandages for the fighting men of Uncle Sam. The articles are turned over to the local chapter of the Red Cross, the officers of the association stating the needs of the soldiers from time to time.

Hold School Caususes—Caususes to select delegates to the city school convention were held in all wards of the city Tuesday evening. In two wards, Harry W. Phillips was favored for director of the school board to fill one of the three vacancies. He was endorsed in the First and Second wards. The Second ward went on record as favoring either Mr. Phillips or John Schnack.

Obituary Record—The remains of L. A. Ferguson, resident of Clinton, Iowa, who was accidentally killed by a falling door frame while at work in a building at 114 Brady street, Davenport, which was being razed by the A. A. Arnold Construction Co., were shipped yesterday afternoon at 1:30 via the I. & M. railroad to Clinton, where services and burial were held. The wife, Mrs. Nellie Ferguson, accompanied the remains.

Mrs. Julia Ellen Hines, widow of the late Charles W. Hines, passed away yesterday morning at her home, 1025 East Locust street. She had been in failing health for a long time, and seriously ill the last three weeks. Death was caused by a paralytic stroke. She was 79 years of age.

John C. Lerum, Dalton sales agent of this city, has been called to Wausau, Wis., by the death of his mother, Mrs. John Lerum. Death occurred at the age of 65 years, the fatal ailment being pneumonia.

Miller Gets 90 Days—Claude (Doc) Miller, arrested Monday on a charge of larceny, was given a jail sentence of 90 days by Police Magistrate Ernst Clausen yesterday. Miller pleaded guilty to the theft of several pieces of meat from the Schick Express company.

To Revive Tank Sports—An attempt to revive a waning interest in aquatic sports will be undertaken by the physical department of the Davenport Y. M. C. A. under the direction of Wayne Richardson, physical director. A meeting of men interested in the organization of a swimming team will be held at the gym Saturday at 7:45 p. m.

Harmon Bound Over—Claude Harmon was bound over to the grand jury by Police Magistrate Ernst Clausen yesterday on a charge of rape. The prosecuting witness in the case is Letha Parrish, 12, the prisoner's sister-in-law. Harmon entered a plea of not guilty and waived preliminary

The Daily Short Story

A DESPERATE SACRIFICE.

By Walter Ray Duncombe.

The man stood just at the side of the cashier's window, his eyes fixed upon the great heaps of money piled up systematically. They particularly lingered upon one bundle, the paper band upon which bore the notation "Five Thousand Dollars." He was pale faced, attenuated of form, and the glow in his eyes was intense to the point of feverishness.

His tense pose, his nervously working fingers, the eager expression of his features indicated a covetous desire and determination. A bold man, surely, for, while he might thrust his hand through the ungrated window and seize the bundle, he could never hope to leave the building undetected, for as many as six police officers were scattered about the place.

Quick as lightning the lurking stranger shot out his arm. His fingers clutched the bundle. He drew from his pocket a piece of wire with a heavy leaden weight at either end. Deftly he inserted the bundle within it. At that moment the teller turned and recognized the package in the hands of the thief. His hand reached out to touch an electric button.

Buzz-z-z-z!

In an instant everyone of the uniformed guardians of the bank sprang into action. Precipitately they made a dash towards the source of the alarm call. The teller seized a revolver, the thief laughed in his face, disdainfully, selfishly. Then he lifted the hand with the weighted bundle, directed it at the street window and let go.

Crash!

Through the great pane went the package. A strange smile upon his face, the thief stood mute and unconcerned. Half a dozen pairs of official hands seized him.

One of the officers who had run outside returned, panting and exasperated.

"Had a pal out there," he blustered, "anyhow, someone planted grabbed the money as it hit the sidewalk and vanished."

"Now you," began one of the officers, giving his captive a jerk, "what's this new wrinkle?"

"I'm tired," observed the prisoner. "I won't talk."

The officers led the unrelenting captive towards the street. A bank official, notified of the robbery, indignantly rushed them with the words, "Take him into the president's room and see if he can't get something out of him."

Calmly the thief sank to one of the sumptuous arm chairs in the apartment in question. He met the glance of the stern faced head of the bank without flinching.

"My man," spoke the prince of finance imposingly, "it will make things easier for you to explain."

"Nothing to say," voiced the thief simply. "I've done a deservingly deed and counted the chances. The doctor gave me 10 days to live a week ago. I've discounted three days of freedom to benefit deserving ones, and I'm glad of it."

It was just as the bank was closing the next day, that a poorly dressed woman leading a little girl entered the place and asked to see its president. The mother advanced, drawing from under the faded cloak she wore a package.

"I read," she said in a timorous tone, "and I—I—found it, and have brought it back to you."

"Why, where did you find it?"

"Must not tell," and she started to depart.

A keen student of humanity, the banker discerned that his visitor was hiding something from him. He spoke in a more kindly and reassuring tone.

"Will you not explain matters a little more definitely?" he urged, his hands reaching gently upon the head of the little girl.

"If I will do that," she said, after a moment of hesitation, "will you pledge me your word that what I say will not in any way make it harder for the noble friend now in the power of the police? Gerald Wolfe—oh, sir, pity him! save him! He has suffered so much, he is not responsible. It was all done because his heart was torn with sorrow for my crippled husband, my dear little one, and myself."

Perhaps it was because little Corinne Weston reminded him of a child of his own, long since dead, perhaps the apparent poverty and distress of Mrs. Weston softened him, but tears stood in his eyes as she related a strange story.

Her husband, temporarily crippled, had taken in an old friend, Gerald Wolfe, a confirmed invalid. To their last morsel of food they had divided with this welcome helpless guest. A realization of their terrible situation had driven Mrs. Wolfe, with the assistance of a trusted accomplice, to rob the bank. At all events, Mrs. Weston had read the account of the crime in the newspaper and at once surmised that a package mysteriously placed and found by her in her kitchen was the stolen money.

"You will retain this money," spoke the bank president in an unsteady tone. "As to this Gerald Wolfe, I will see that he is cared for."

And he kept his promise, and in a sunny, health giving climate in the new home of plenty of the Westons, the man who had been willing to sacrifice himself for others knew peace, and comfort, and love.

hearing. Bond was fixed at \$1,000, which he was unable to furnish.

Properties Sold for Tax—One hundred eighty-one pieces of property on which taxes had become delinquent were sold by City Treasurer Charles E. Roberson Tuesday. The sale was the lightest in years, and lasted only half an hour. A number of owners appeared at the treasurer's office before 10 o'clock and paid back-taxes, thereby preventing their sale.

Father Weeps in Court—Weeping bitterly, Joseph Anderson, father of George Anderson, 18, made a tearful plea for leniency for his son in police court yesterday morning, when the boy was arraigned on a charge of larceny. He was charged with breaking open a safe meter in a house at 313 Ripley street, and stealing \$3 in quarters. The charge was preferred by Mrs. Mary Hawley.